The pink m man slides lic. with convieves "You are me you." She look and and makes to

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feet of v ark-In Bro dispute g For year ight property

# All Aboard for Boston!

A Great Place to Study Human Nature Is the Grand Central Station

Boston is the train out of it to New York, so, by correct antithesis, the worst thing in New York should be the train to Boston. It isn't; but that is only because there are so many worst things in New York that it | them here? Why didn't you tell me? I've would need a twentieth century Paris to wasted all this time. I don't see why they make a choice.

But the train to Boston, if not the worst is in its morning garb, fresh and smiling. instance, at the Bureau of Information. butt of interrogation for the incoming and outgoing. You will conclude that if salaries man at the information desk should have gripped.

Some one has said that the best thing in | washed away just this side of New Haven. You don't know if there are any cottages to rent along the Branford coast? I will take three drawing-room chairs and two seats in the regular coach. Don't sell call it a Bureau of Information."

There is a story told in Paris of a New thing, is interesting, particularly that at York man about town who went into one 10 A.M. for then the Grand Central Station of the large tourist offices, asked for a map of New York, followed with a pencil It takes a keen eyed observer to embrace a certain well-known region bounded on in a fleeting visit all the amusing and pa- the north by one of the forties, leaned over, thetic incidents which are there to be seen | kissed the centre of it affectionately, gave or passed by, according to one's point of the map back and stalked out of the office, view toward life. Take your stand, for his sadness replaced by a smile of hope.

The New Englander who approaches the Remain for a quarter of an hour and you | bureau and asks for a time table has the will have an opportunity to study nature, same hope-deferred smile on his face. human and inhuman. You will conclude Having secured it, he often goes away and that, however hard your lot in life may be, holds it in his hand quietly, the mere teleit is a hed of roses in comparison with that | pathic touch assuring him that life has still of the man behind the window who is the something to offer, and that even in the mysterious bourne called New York, from which so few travellers return, he is safe were allotted according to brain fag the so long as he has that guerdon firmly

an income which would put that of the Trains may go and trains may come,



shown in the line which wound in serpentine length from the ticket window. A young woman who mopped her brow with a firm disregard for cosmetics, stepped outside of the line for a moment to get her preath; when she attempted to return she was met by the barrier of a man's elbow neased in wide pink stripes. He was accompanied by a henpecked family, a wilted woman and four awkward-aged daughters, whose legs and arms looked like sticks of spaghetti. He had retained all the flesh of the family.

"No, you don't," he said to the young woman; "you've lost your place and you don't get back here." He looked about, and his family dutifully

smiled approval. "But it is my place," remonstrated the roung woman. "I just stepped out to get breath of air."

"Well, I don't care what you stepped out for, this line don't wait for people to get air or soda water or anything else." Behind the gelatine-like family a young man beckoned to the girl. "Step in here, he remarked genially. "I saw you when

you stepped out. It's all right." She took the place gratefully. A momen



"WILL THESE GO ON THE 10:02?" later a stentorian voice announced the departure of the train for which the pinking it "Packages," it had been marked

striped man was waiting to purchas

"Can't wait for tickets!" And the family dropped out of the line. The young woman, catching the wrathful eye, could not forbear a comment. "You might just as well have been

gentleman. The man looked encyclopædias of wrath Such incidents are by no means rare

nor are they confined to one sex. They recall the famous remonstrance of the ong-forgotten woe. French woman to a compagnon de voyage: "Sir, are you a gentleman?" And the

"No, madam, I am a traveller."

about the departing trains, there are other i the T-. We forgot we were not troubles. Said a departing woman to a in New York and asked for cock-"I want the train to So-and-so."

"On Track 13." "Track 13?"

"But I can't travel on Track 13."

He does not show any of the sympathy

THEY CARRY THEIR "OLD CLOTHES TO HAYIN'. that is supposed to lie dormant in the manly breast, and she explains the situation to a feminine companion.

"I slept once in a room numbered 13 in summer hotel, and the next fall the place burned to the ground." Then again to the trainman: "I can't travel on Track 13." "Sorry, ma'am, but we can't change the

"What are you going to do?" asks the feminine companion. She interrogates the trainman anew.

change at the function of So-and-so and wait an hour for the train there." "I'll do it," she determines instantly. "I know there would be an accident if I

went on Track 13. I wouldn't have a minute's peace." The companion is sympathetic and the trainman nonchalant as she makes the change, and, incidentally, forfeits her

ticket. It is expensive to cherish super-She is followed by a couple of young women who, coming from opposite direc-

tions, meet with ejaculations of surprise. "You?" "You!" "Where have you bean?" asks the Boston woman. One always asks "How have you bean?" in Boston. The bean is the State

flower according to those who know They step aside and lose themselves in joy ful reminiscense. "I am on my way to Middletown."

"To Middletown? Why don't you go o Boston?" "The reason is this," and she retails

"The last time I was in Boston I over with Kitty. You know Kitty? We went over to see that stunning sketch of hers put on-that little musical skit, you

Outside the station, in the enclosure know. After that we went to dinner at tails. I wish you could have seen that waiter's face! If you ever want to feel cool on a hot day, just go to the T--- and ask for a cocktail. It's better than going into a cold storage place. He said 'You can't get cocktails unless you are going to get your dinner here.' He seemed to know that we did not live there, as if Boston would not harbor anything over night that asked for cocktails in that brazen

> "We told him meekly that we intended to eat there. He went away and came back with the menu. Apparently he did

not believe us. 'You must order the dinner first,' he said firmly.

"We ordered it. 'When you are at Rome,' you know. He went away and we, dying of thirst, talked about Oliver Wendell Holmes and Boston Common and the new subway—it's still the new subway over there—and Ralph Waldo Emerson and compared his essay on Friendship with—oh, I forgot what we compared it with. But then the waiter came back with the soup and then the fish, and then, after we had plucked up a little courage and asked for the State flower of New York, he came back with a slip of paper for us to



SHE WOULD NOT LEAVE ON "TRACK 13.

sign; we had to tell our names, the ages of our fathers and mothers, the color of their hair and eves and a lot of other incidentals; he went away with the slip and toward the end of the dinner, with great pomp and ceremony, deposited the two cooktails at our side. He scrutinized the money we gave him very carefully as hit he had doubts as to its genuineness and hit the tip on the edge of the table." The Boston girl was true to her

bringing.
"I don't think it's nearly as bad as the way they do in New York. I was taken to dinner at M—s. You know the place. To go there is what Manhattanites call seeing life. I was asked almost as soon as I got into the chair what kind of a cocktail I would have. There didn't seem to be a second's doubt that I would have

some kind.
"I said meekly that I didn't care for any I felt as if I were committing some terrible breach of etiquette. The waiter appar-

one evening he was sitting on the old Yale

fence discussing, among other thingsh senior societies in the college. Althoug,

ently thought so, too, although my escort had the grace to accept my refusal without show of emotion. The waiter-leaned over the table in his surprise and asked:

"You said you didn't want a cocktail?"

And when I repeated my negative he went off a little way and looked at me as he might have gazed at a chimpanzee. Thenhe called another waiter and they talked the matter another waiter and they talked the matter over, and my escort began to look a little uneasy as if he feared we might be refused our dinner or put out or something. Then after a while, our waiter came back and said with deadly earnestness: 'Did the lady say she didn't want a cocktail?'
"There was a funny sleight of hand per-

"There was a funny sleight-of-hand per-formance. I am sure he slipped some-thing into the waiter's hand, although I couldn't, of course, say so positively, but anyhow, when the cocktail order was filled there were two brought just the same, and rather than make a fuss the man had to drink them both."

man had to drink them both."
There was a clang of iron gates.
"Train's gone," said the trackman, as the girls came to themselves.
"Gone? Why, we wanted it?"
"Sorry; there's another at 1 o'clock."
Contrasts meet the eye at every turn, at this rendezvous, of all sorts and conditions of men. There was a time when the city woman only wore her white gowns

who have been "rubbering" too move away as if pulled by hidden strings, and the young man is left in peace.

There is a fresh air fund starting on its travels. It is composed of about thirty small boys who look expectant. They are bound for Kensico, so it is stated on the ticket which each one bears, and which he proudly displays as a badge of merit.

They have all the external marks of the tenement districts; some of them inert and lifeless. From them the heat has taken what little vitality they had to spare. Some what little vitality they had to spare. Some have the Mulberry Bend in their legs; some

are sturdy specimens of young America, with inherent promise. They all carry queer bundles done up in newspaper—always in newspaper, and tied firmly with string. These bundles are sometimes carried by long strings sometimes thrust into the front of inherited trousers, sometimes under the arms. The youths carry other treasures, too, One is the proud possessor of a bat, another of a bai, another of a broken hoop, and one of a bedraggled kitten with a single eye. A Boston woman surveys them curiously. She levels her eyeglasses on the large bundles.

"What have you in those bundles?" she asks one of the boys, "Bathing suits?"

"Bathing suits? Huh," answers the boy



a lace coat, chiffon hat, empire scarf with hand-painted ends, hand-painted parasol, all in purest white, when she takes the train to Boston or elsewhere, just as if she were going to an afternoon reception.

And, says such a woman, followed by gathering in a harvest of checks. maids and footmen staggering under the weight of cases and hampers:
"I don't mind travelling a bit; I rather

There is one near her, however, There is one near her, however, who doesn't. This is a young man who has been brought into the inclosure on a stretcher—he represents the other side of the athletic question—the side one does not read about in the sporting papers. He is laid out, limp, inert, his eyes half closed, with all the appearance of one who has nearly reached the goal, but not as he expected to reach it. His nerves

is he expected to reach it. His nerves are tense to the breaking point, reby pain and sleepless nights. He is less to avert the curious glances of the waiting crowds who walk by the stretcher and look at the apparently unconscious young woman whose appearan

would certainly promise something better in the way of refinement is moved by that morbid impulse which prompts people to stop at street accidents, attend funerals that do not belong to them—the same im-pulse which prompted Nero to watch drown-ing flies. This young woman makes several circuits of the stretcher, and at eac revolution comes nearer and nearer. Th young man is watching her and trying his best to restrain the wrath bubbling up within. At length she comes so near hat she almost touches him as she looks closely at his prone form. Suddenly he opens the half-closed eyes and meets her's straightforwardly.
"Rubber!" he ejaculates, contemptu-ously, and relapses into his former semi-

onsciousness.

The woman looks as scared as if a corp

with wonder at her ignorance. "I guess not. We've got old clothes to play in."

They are very proud of these bundles and carry them ostentatiously. It is the

and the unrestraint of the country. But it would be safe to wager that they will play craps under the hedges while the robins take the place of the city cops. One small boy

the place of the city cops. One small boy with shifty eyes expresses regret at the non-appearance of a playmate.

"He couldn't come," he explains, "his mother won't let him. My mother" [and he swells his tiny chest importantly] "will let me go anywhere and let me stay as long as I want to." Then the signal is given and the awk-ward squad moves on toward the iron grat-

ing, the young man on the stretcher looking after them with longing eyes.

Another place of interest in the Grand Central is the baggage room. The rest of the big place seems crowded and noisy until one goes in there and then, in comparison, outside is as peaceful as the morning after the ball.

"WHAT TIME WILL MY HUSBAND MEET ME?"
and her laces and frilly things in the seclusion of home. To-day, careless of laundering, the fashionable woman wears laundering, the fashionable woman wears heels and openwork stockings displays to perfection, is surrounded by baggage-men. She has fourteen trunks, and is looking after all of them herself. Close

"You are sure that they will all get off on this 9:03," he asks despairingly. The baggageman glances at the clock, which

points to 9:45.
"Get off at 9:03?" he questions. "I thought "Oh, I mean the 10:02, of course," and the

"Oh, I mean the 10:02, of course," and the baggageman and those about him smile broadly; as a rattler, the baggage room of the Grand Central cannot be beaten. The eternal feminine is retailing her

The eternal fermine is retaining her woes here, too.

"This is the way it happened. They all made fun of me at the hotel, because John is so devoted—horrid old cats. They were just jealous. They said I couldn't do a thing myself and it was a shame the way I let him wait on me. When they found out that John had always packed the trunks and bags ever since we were married, they wanted to form a society for the prevention of crusty to husbands. I got mad and of cruelty to husbands. I got mad and determined to show them I could take care of myself all right, so I sent John off to town to match some yellow swiss and some moire ribbon and started in to pack.

"I had a magazine article which showed just how to do it. I drew a diagram of the trunk, according to that, and followed the rules precisely. I had to do it all over five times, but it looked like a custard pie when I had finished. Then I went out and set properly not the proper until and sat nonehalantly on the porch until the trunk and bags went, saying carelessly, 'I do miss John so when I have to pack.' "Just then the woman who has a room next to mine came tumbling downstairs, shrieking with glee!

"Did you know you forgot to put the tray in your trunk?"
"Of course everything I wanted was in the tray, for, according to the magazine article, if you put everything in the tray had suddenly spoken, and does not look article, if you put everything in the tray around until she is at the further end of the inclosure. The people in the vicinity destination."

## ACCURACY THAT SAVES MONEY

THE WEALTHY GIRL AND HER RETINUE

president of the United States Steel Cor-

A woman approaches the opening and

in that engaging and beguiling manner

The man with information concealed

all about him breathes easy; there is nothing

in her attitude to suggest a continuation

of torment. He hands her a pamphlet!

places it on the ledge of the window and

studies it attentively, then asks, still en-

gagingly, while a long line of impatient

who leaves Hartford on the 8:25 on the

The pink tie of the information bureau

"You are sure to, ma'am, he can't escape

ejaculates with a superior intonation "Bos-

ton," and having received his time table,

shake the dust of Gotham from his common-

to every ticket agent from Portland, Ore.,

to Portland, Me. She puts her elbow on

the ledge, after distributing several pack-

ages with the air of one who has come to

"Has that 10:02 train been taken off?

No? It runs just the same on week days

that it does on Sundays? Is that the train

that's painted white? Do I register my

dog here? I heard there was a bridge

with the grace of Sir Walter Raleigh. She

off at Saybrook will I meet my husband not in number and strength.

man slides around under his ear as he says | whole Grand Central Station. People come

and makes way for the next comer, who "Knowledge Given Away." or "Advice

steps aside as if he could not too quickly | which might have saved itself considerable

wense heels. He is followed by the pro- the heading "Time Tables" or "Pamphlets."

lessional question asker, a type well known | The travelling public does like to get some

ever be chronicled asks for a time table.

poration to shame.

with conviction:

WORK OF THE BUREAU OF STAND-ARDS IN WASHINGTON.

It can Fix the Size of a Milk Bottle or Weigh a Mark on Paper-Heips Real Estate Owners to Get Their Property -Its Proposed New Building.

WASHINGTON, July 18 .- At the Bureau of Standards they think nothing of measuring the weight of the grime from your thumb which you may place on a clean sheet of paper. They weigh the sheet before the grimy thumb is applied and then after. Likewise they will measure the width of a human hair, or if you want them to they will tell you how much the heat of your body expands the delicate mechanism of the watch in your pocket.

Their work is intensely practical, though. Hundreds of surveyors' chains come to the bureau to be tested. Many have been used for years under the impression that they are absolutely accurate. At the bureau they are found to vary from the standard from an inch to half a foot.

How important the accuracy of the surveyor's chain is was demonstrated recently in Philadelphia where an entire subdivision was thrown into court on the very point of accuracy of surveying. The variations of the chains used by the different surveyors was not more than 3 inches, but this was sufficient in the large subdivision to bring hundreds of square

feet of valuable property into question. In Brooklyn there was a long-standing dispute growing out of the same condition. For years owners of adjoining pieces of property battled in the courts over the possession of 11 inches of ground which an inaccurate survey chain had left outside

. The bureau credits itself with a recent The case is closed and twenty-four hours saving of \$20,000 to Uncle Sam. The gun makers had heated one of the great steel gun castings to the degree which was believed to be just right for shrinking on the jacket. The Bureau of Standards' instrunent was used and it was found that the temperature was off several degreessufficient to have spoiled the gun when the jacket cooled. The damage to the gun would have cost the Government just

room. It is the one quiet place in the

there, shove their bags across the counter

show their tickets and depart without

opening their lips. If instead of placard-

Offered," it would probably be as lively

as its neighboring Bureau of Information

wear and tear by announcing itself under

thing for nothing, if it be nothing but ad-

vice or stray wisdom, and so long as a rail-

road company announces that it has one

thing free, just so long will the crowd seek

to strike the balance of expense by foregath-

The overplus of male chivalry went out

with tournaments, plumed hats and rapiers;

it did not even return with the revival of

the round table. An instance of this was

ering and asking unnecessary questions.

Recently, in Baltimore, a milk dealer was charged with not giving full measure to his customers. He contended that his measures were correct and resisted payment of a fine. The chief of the Bureau of Standands discovered that the milk dealer and not the city had the correct standard. In the capital, not many months ago there was controversy between the ven-ders of milk and the authorities as to the ize of milk bottles. One dealer was even

size of milk bottles. One dealer was even ready to make a hero of himself by going to jail. An appeal to the Bureau of Standards settled the whole controversy.

Recent tests of the electric light furnished to one of the Eastern cities showed that the candle power was short about one-fourth of that called for by contract. The annual expenditure of the city is \$2,000,000 and the tests of the bureau thus showed that the tests of the bureau thus showed that the power furnished is short in valuation

\$500,000 a year.

The uses of the bureau just given are really the minor ones from the stand-point of the bureau officials. It is especially for the bureau officials. the more complicated work that new laboratories are about to be provided for the bureau at a cost of a quarter of a million

To make exact measurements the build-To make exact measurements the buildings of the bureau must be of special design, and perhaps the most elaborate system of heating, ventilating and refrigeration ever known will be installed. There is a balance in the possession of the bureau so delicate in its poise that the heat of the body alone affects it, although it is tightly body alone affects it, although it is tightly encased in plate glass. No one is permitted to come within fifteen feet of it.

When something is to be weighed, it is placed on one of the pans of the balance.

are allowed to pass in which the weights, balance and object, reach the normal temperature inside the case and the air which was disturbed resumes its equili-

The manipulation of the balance is done

by means of long bars, which extend fifteen feet from the balance. Even after these precautions are taken a dozen different calculations are made to correct known variations in the apparatus. The International Bureau of Standards, which has headquarters at Paris, has furnished to this Government a standard metre and a standard kilogram. The stan-dard metre has never been touched by human hands since it reached its present degree of perfection. It rests in a glass case in a vault. The comparisons with it

The standard kilogram is of platinum iridium. The metal in it cost about \$3,000. AS TO THE GRAND MARSHAL.

are made through the use of microscopes

What Will Become of This Figure in the

When power-driven wehicles shall have superseded horse-drawn vehicles entirely, as, no doubt, in the not far distant future they will have done," said Mr. Gozzleton, "what will become of the grand marshal? Will anything be devised that will enable him to shine with anything like his present

"Now, with a broad, bright-colored sash worn diagonally across his manly bosom, and with a dahlia-like rosette pinned upor his breast, he rides grandly at the head of the procession mounted on a horse. What would a procession be without a grand marshal, and what would a grand marshal be without a horse? And what will he do when there are no horses? "His prospect now is dim, indeed; but let us hope that, when the horseless age shall actually have come, some means

will be found to preserve the glamour and the glory of the grand marshal."

## MINISTER BOWEN'S DEGREE. WHY YALE WAITED TWENTY-FIVE

YEARS TO MAKE HIM A B. A.

He Knocked a Professor's Hat Off Just Before Graduation and Wouldn't Apologize-Then the Faculty Held Up His Diploma Till He Became Famous

NEW HAVEN, July 18 .- Herbert W. Bowen Minister to Venezuela, was really graduated from Yale University with the class of '03, although the class with which he finished his course was graduated a quarter of a century ago. When Prof. Bernadotte Perrin on commencement day recmmended Minister Bowen for an honorary degree as well as his long-delayed B. A. degree, he said that Mr. Bowen could have had his B. A. degree at any time during the last twenty-five years that he chose to

To the members of the class of '78, Mr. Bowen's class at Yale, Prof. Perrin's remarks recalled an incident in Mr. Bowen's marks recalled an incident in Sir. Bowen scareer which many had almost forgotten. The reason that Mr. Bowen did not get his degree for twenty-five years was that he had a wrangle with Prof. Edward Salisbury Dana just before graduation, and refused to apologize when requested to do neefering to lose his degree rather do-so, preferring to lose his degree rather than recede from the position he took in

Since Mr. Bowen has come into promi-nence various versions of the affair have been related, some of the tales represent-ing him as snowballing Prof. Dana, and hereby incurring the wrath of the young professor and through him the displeasure of the whole faculty. The story, as told by a member of the class of '78, is that the rouble arose over the discussion of a secret society matter.

and was waiting for commencement, when

one of the popular men of his class he had not made a senior society, and he was speaking disparagingly of the system when Prof. Dana came along.

Prof. Dana had been out of college only Balf a dozen years and was a member of Scroll and Keys. As he passed, young Bowen made some particularly caustic remark and Prof. Dana hearing it took exception to the criticism. The two got into a warm discussion, and Bowen knocked the professor's hat of

The story of the affair immediately was circulated about the campus, and Bowen was called before the faculty. He was told that Prof. Dana asked for an apology and that he would be expected to make before he could receive his degree.

Mr. Bowen refused to apologize, saying

that he had nothing to apologize for, inas-much as Prof. Dana got into the squabble himself. The faculty then told him that when he was ready to make the apology he would receive his degree. Mr. Bowen left college without attending commencement.

A member of the Yale Corporation, in discussing the matter, said to-day that Mr. Bowen could have had his degree at

any time since if he had made the apology Minister Bowen, however, never mad any attempt to conciliate the faculty in any way. Among his classmates the inci-dent was almost forgotten except to that small body of particular friends who sympathized with Bowen and thought he had been unjustly deprived of his dues.
When his name came up before the committee of the university on honorary degrees this year there was a lively discussion as to what action was advisable. Many

as to what action was advisable. Many of the friends of Prof. Dana wished to take only the stand on the matter which would be pleasing to him, while some thought that Mr. Bowen had merited the honor from his college, and that nothing should interfere with his getting his degree at this time. Prof. Dana settled the matter by elling his friends that not only should It was in June and young Bowen had in this way, but that he thought the action successfully passed all his examinations at this time very appropriate, and that he at this time very appropriate, and that he

SOLITARY RELIC OF THE RURAL LIFE THE ISLAND HAS LOST.

Once the Centre of a Gay Summer Colony and the Owners Still Spend Part of the Year on It-But Streets and Trolley Lines Are Encroaching on It Fast.

Only one family in New York keeps up he ancestral custom of spending a part of each summer on a farm in the upper part of the island of Manhattan. The farm not a large one, as farms go, though it overs a good many acres. And it no onger produces grain. It is, however ruly a farm in the sense that it is culti vated to provide the family with fruit, regetables and flowers. It has gardens and fields. Hay is made every summer cows are milked and calves are born. Chickens, pigeons and other fowls flourish

The family maintains a winter home six or eight miles further south on the island. and goes far away in midsummer. But in spring and early summer and again in the fall some members live on the farm.

It is not very many years since these New Yorkers had several neighbors who, like themselves, passed part of the year in the yet unspoiled rural portion of the island In those days the little summer colony exchanged visits, driving from house to house, and living much as other country people live, lost to the consciousness of a vast population almost within earshot.

But all the other farms of the region have now been cut up into building lots and villa sites. Houses in rows and detached cottages with small plots of ground have taken the place of the old farms. And with that he hauls out a handful of There are persons who live comfortably ones and twos.

and handsomely the year round in some "Was I sore? I was."

of the villas, who keep horses and enjoy many of the luxuries of suburban life. But they do not treat the island of Manhattan as a summer resort. They buy their fruits and vegetables from the markets, and their hay in bales from somebody further down town. When summer comes the women of such households leave their villas for seaside or mountain, and the men

are left to occupy the half-empty houses.

The one remaining farm of Manhattan is not likely for many years to preserve its character. It is only a short time since another such farm was cut up and sold to land speculators. New streets are even now advancing upon the remaining farm. now advancing upon the remaining farm and its hay fields are threatened. Trolley cars are buzzing not far away, and the new rapid transit system is soon to bring the farm within easy communication to down-

#### EVEN WINNERS CAN BE SAD. That Is Why the Broadway Barber Isn's Playing the Races Now.

"No." said the fat barber in the Broadway hotel, "I ain't playing the races nowadays Fact is, I haven't made a bet in three years. I haven't got over being sore over the last one I made, and at that I won it. "It was this way. I was working at the chair about 1 o'clock one day when in rushes

a guy I knew, but not very well.

"Got any money?' he says to me.

"Touch,' says I to myself, so I told him I didn't have much, only what I'd made in tips that day, and I'd had to buy my lunch out of that. But he wouldn't give up.

"'Haven't you got even 50 cents?' he

Well, I made up my mind I'd have to give up, and, anyhow, I didn't know but what he was good for it, so I hands over the half, and with that he rushes out. "Wasn't more'n an hour later when he

rushes back and shoves me three dollar bills.

"'What's this?' I says.

"'What is it?' he yells. 'It's money.

The Mutt wins at 5 to 1. It's a shame you also had a half, but I avisite sitt with sitt but it.